

The Dream.

Wearied with Business, and with Cares oppress'd,
 My Faculties were Doz'd and fond of rest,
 An unusual heaviness did on me creep,
 My Soul Indulg'd it: yet I could not sleep,
 Dreams short and frightful vex'd me all the Night,
 I found I was betray'd and long'd for Light;
 The first such Wonders brought within my view,
 And when I wak'd I almost thought 'em true:
 Me thought I saw great *Julius* sadly lie
 Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by,
 The ungrateful *Brutus* which he do'd on,
 With *Meager Cassius* pleas'd with what he had done }
 Crying the World and *Brutus* are my own;
 I nearer drew to view the Gashly Trunk,
 But oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæsar* was sunk,
 'Twas *Charles* the Second, which lay mangl'd there,
 The Sacrificing-Tribe too did appear,
Brutus and *Cassius*, *Y--k* and *Petre* were;
Charles Weeping grasp'd his Brother by the hand: }
 I heard him sighing say, within my Land
 A faithful Pious Mother thou wilt command,
 Who in the utmost of Extremity,
 When all but her and much Ubraided, I
 Wou'd from the Crown have quite Excluded thee,

Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
 And in thy Banishment maintain thy Cause,
 Passive Obedience thee hast much in store,
 But do not Urge it to thy utmost Power :
James to preserve Her most devoutly Swore ;
Charles Dy'd, and *James* discharg'd his Oath next hour,
 I saw the Priests flock in : the Bishops out,
 Saw *Peters* cram the Wafers down his Throat
 Tho' Dead it sav'd the Heretick no doubt,
 I saw him poorly Bury'd in the Night,
 A wretched Train, and a more wretched Sight,
 To me it seem'd a Funeral in Disguise,
 For fear his Creditors shoud his Body Seize,
 I saw him shewn for two pence in a Chest,
 Like *Monk. Old Harry, Mary* and the rest,
 And if the Figure answer'd it's intent,
 In Ten years time 'twould buy a Monument :
 My Fancy brought me back again to Court
 Where only Fools Advise, and Knaves Resort,
 Our Kingdoms Curse and other Nations Sport :
 I heard the *Jesuits* in a grand Cabal
 Resolve to Root out *Heresie* or fall,
 Each his particular Opinion gave,
 They cry'd an opportunity we have
 To Fetter Her who kept us long Her Slave ;
 Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
 How to suppress it by a forward Fool,
 A bawling blund'ring senseless Tool,
 Whose Mouthing at *White-Chappel* first began,
 Who regularly to his Greariness ran
 Thro' all the vile degrees of Treachery,
 And now Usurps the Court of Equity ?
 He said, if you wou'd bring the Clergy down,
 Erect a Court-Commission from the Crown,

And:

Jeffries -

And for Dispencing Law let me alone,
 They hug'd their Buble, and the Deed was done;
Petre grew Fat, and with *Mandamus's*
 Cancker'd the Worthy *Universities*,
 The Seats of Learning Black-heads might command,
 Yet the Kings Promise to the Church doth stand;
 Next *Liberty of Conscience* was Ordain'd;
 The Bishops for Contempt were then Arraign'd;
 The Nobles and the Commons Closetted,
 The *Penal-Laws* must be Abolished,
 If you refuse, your Principles are base,
 Disloyal, and you lose our Royal Grace,
 And each that has Dependancies his place;
Rocheſter fell, the Loyal *Herbert* starv'd,
 Each that forsook his God his Monarch serv'd,
Somerſet lost his Troops, and *Shrowſbury*,
Oxford was strip'd to *Scarſhal Lumbley*,
 And many more too tedious to relate,
 By whom in safety *James* thou now doſt ſit,
 When thou perceiv'dſt no Comfort from this Wild,
 Thy Dame immediately was quick with Child,
 The Princeſs at the Bath when it was Born,
 The Bishops in the *Tower*, yet had he Sworn
 The *Church of England* never ſhould be wrong'd,
 Upon this News the Hot-brain'd *Papiſts* Throng'd;
 I Wak'd, and as I on my Dream Reflected,
 My reaſonable Notions thus projected,
 O King, I cry'd, thy Measures run too faſt,
 And thou wilt find the Curſe of it at laſt,
 Why doſt thou wrong thy Country, ſhame thy Life :
 To pleaſe falſe Priests, and an ungrateful Wiſe,
 A Wiſe whoſe Character has always been
 A Fawning Dutcheſs, and a Sawcy Queen :
 How canſt thou ſuffer *Petre's* Insolence,
 Who only makes a harveſt of his Prince,

A Slave to Rule Three Kingdoms Govern thee,
 Yet ne're was Master of a Family;
 This Serpent envying thy Happiness,
 Has crept into thy Eve whose willfulness
 Has certainly betray'd thy Paradise,
 Descerning *Hallifax* thy fall fore saw.
 And early did his slighted Faith withdraw,
 He needs no pardon for the advice he gave,
 Which shews him Honester than some that have,
 Under the Rose Men use their mind to tell;
 But now *Myne-Heir* 'tis under the broad Seal;
 O *Nassau* with thy promis'd Succours come,
 And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome*,
 Thy Wife shall young *Octavia*'s place supply,
 And those that have betray'd our Country fly,
 Unless the King to prove the Prince his own,
 Shall to the Lyons-Den present his Son,
 And if the Royal Brute do not destroy,
 The Infant by Christ 'tis his none Joy.

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